

# IN APPROPRIATED RAPRESS



#  
**10 B**

Part 2  
of  
Double-  
Issue

HOLY WEEK EXPERIENCE

# The IN-APPROPRIATED PRESS #10

A Zine of Weird Shit & letters'n shit for Roanoke's Anti-Community (shit)  
and their weird friends around the world

Part 2 of Double Issue!

*Featuring:*

Matt Ames  
McKenna Beaman  
C. Mehrl Bennett  
John M. Bennett  
Célestin Nanteuil  
Bradley Chriss  
Rachel Braussen  
Steve Dalachinsky  
Jack Foley  
Warren Fry  
Jim Leftwich  
Musicmaster  
Lindsay O'Cartel  
William Repass  
Jonah Woodstock  
Olchar E. Lindsann



— C. Mehrl Bennett

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in Roanoke, Virginia

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(2018 A.D. depending on your chronological priorities)

*Look Hard Tryin'*

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for live avant-performance, see  
Art Rat Studios on facebook

Anti-  
Barr  
iHUX  
Anti-  
Barr  
KUH!  
Anti-  
Barr  
KUH!  
Anti-  
Barr  
KUH!

ZAUM

BE BLANK

# DITTIES 19 (in scriptio continua)

AIRPLANES ZOOMING FROM OAKLAND TO NOWHERE FROM OAKLAND TO EVE  
RYWHERE FROM NOWHERE TO CALIFORNIA TO THE DEEP DEEP SOUTH FRIENDS  
GANDER IN THE HEATHEN SKILLSET IN THE LARUPIN SOUTH

LANGUAGE/SOUND PLACES A CONTEXT ABURDEN OF MEANING UPON THE  
MOMENT THE SPEAKER OF THEM AKE BEGINS TO TALK ("the night was clear though  
i slept i seen  
it") HIS WORLD A WAKENSA WALKER IN HIS WORLD THE TONGUE THE LINGUAT  
HEOLD PALA VER THE FIRE ("none will loc but the wind will cum") "THE WAECE  
END"  
HOT SEPT EMBER DAYSGIVING MENEWS OF LIMITATIONS LAPSES OF ENERGY  
N THE HEAT LOVE FOR THE HOUSE FAN

I WRITE AND DO WHAT I CAN. IT INTERESTS ME. KEEPS ME ALIVE. BUT I HAVE NO  
EASONS TO BELIEVE THAT AFTER MY DEATH ANYONE WILL CARE ABOUT MY WRITING.  
IT'S EXTREMELY DIFFICULT TO KNOW WHAT WRITING WILL LAST AND WHAT  
HAT WILL NOT BUT I HAVE NO INDICATION THAT MY NAME WILL LAST. MY ENTIRE  
LIFE HAS BEEN INTENSE AND I HAVE TRIED TO EMBODY THEM—  
EMBODY WHAT I THINK—  
BUT THERE ARE NEVER FEW PEOPLE WHO ADMIRE MY WORK AND I BELIEVE I KNOW  
THEM ALL!  
THIS DOES NOT INDICATE THE POSSIBILITY OF LASTING A MEORINFLUENCE. I  
MAY BE RIGHT WITH THIS. IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE. I DID MY BEST.

THE BATH WAS ISOLATED IN THE LIVING ROOM. THE YHANGONDRAPES WHEN THE  
EYDON MOVES THEY AREN'T TALL. THAT HARD TO LOCATE. I HAD CLOSED THE  
EGLASS DOORS. THE FRONT DOOR WAS OPEN. THE BATH WAS MOTIONLESS ON THE  
LIVING ROOM RUG. I CAREFULLY WENT ROUND TO THE FRONT ROOM TO CHECK  
THE DOORS. IT COULDN'T GET BACK THERE. I MAY HAVE SEEN IT JUST AS IT EXITED  
THE FRONT DOOR. THEY LOOK LIKE SHADOWS WHEN THEY LEAVE.

## END DITTIES

And then there is another thought. We are told now that we bear within us these seeds, not to one, but to  
the life of the race and the life of the individual. The life of the race makes for racial immortality;  
the life of the individual suffers 'anti-ancestral' death, the life of the individual suffers death.  
The unicellular animals are practically immortal; the complexity of the individual spells death.

Jane Ellen Harrison, *Reminiscences of a Student's Life* (1925)



— by Jack Foley

## the wine of lapse

what inflexible highbinders orchestrate financial suspense?  
who spices the collapse?  
when did the zodiac initiate outstretched grime?  
where were you when paddie lost his underwear?  
where was paddy when his wagon got back off?  
is the often lucretius of thine creases ever increased?  
is the nature of the dining room a kitchen with a tub?  
who rubbed the wine on the thigh?  
who reimbursed the curse of the purse?  
why wasn't the eye put before the a ee oh u  
devil ewe?  
who is the boss of the oil bourse?  
what is the cost of the cooperative lapse?  
when did your rip it t's start takin this crap?  
what snap? who nap? how many more of these flaps?  
why begin to wonder now?

february 2018

steve dalachinsky and jim leftwich

blat blat blat blat blat blat blat blat blat

78-571

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## Letter from Rachel Braussen

*Rachel has been a regular Art Rat guest for a couple years, but returned to her native France this Fall. She sent the following thoughts on Art Rat.*

I found this [card] in a temporary gallery. Full of provocative and funny things.

I miss ART RAT Studios, it's one of those rare spots where one can live in the moment and experiment without judgement even in the role of spectator.

It is a chance, this place; a bit like a matrix.

I hope to be able to drop by there in February when I should be in Roanoke - \*

*\*NOTE: Rachel did visit Art Rat in Roanoke in February (@Ralph's birthday event I think)!*

J'ai trouvé cela dans une galerie  
éphémère. Plein de choses provocantes  
et drôles.



Le ART RAT studio me manque,  
c'est un des rares endroits  
où tu peux vivre dans  
l'instant et expérimenter  
sans jugement même en tant  
que spectateur.



[www.didifuse.com](http://www.didifuse.com)

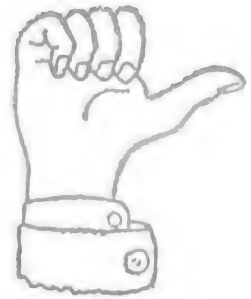
C'est une chance **DIDI** ce lieu; un peu  
comme une **galerie** matrice.

J'espère pouvoir y passer en février lorsque  
je serai à Roanoke -

*(Translation by Olchar Lindsann)*

Hamilton/Milovac Duo, Tater Fraterabo, Art Rat All-Stars  
Public · Hosted by Ralph Eaton  
Friday,

March 23 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM EDT  
at The Art Rat



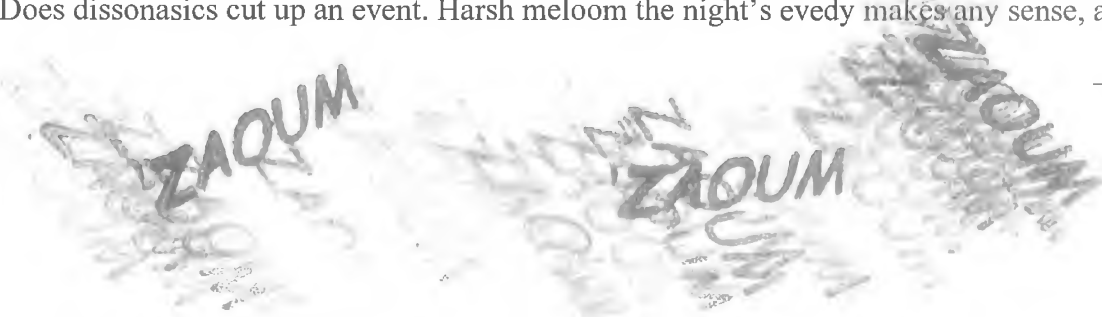
What should a brain be doing? At an event. Event dissonance, thinking response. Remembering, for one thing. Improvisation thinking sense. What among all the musics I have heard does Tater Fraterabo sound like? Doing noise juxtaposed unusual suspects. Does it really make any sense for me to think "post-classical harsh noise"? Chords drum throughout ourselves. Is it important that I have no qualifications for judging what he does? Familiarized brains think cut-up training. The cut-up method applied to melody. The construction of anti-chords. Scattered layers, ongoing. Why does loud dissonance sound like aural violence? Applied construction of quotations. Juxtaposed, sequenced and layered sounds collide. Collision is noise. Event-sense juxtaposed post-cut-up ongoing. Noise is a form of thinking. Remembering throughout the sound. We have to familiarize ourselves with its patterns. Training scattered construction is noise. It is an ongoing training. Thinking chords among sequenced remembering. I remember an essay from the 90s about "the noisic element in poetry".

The Hamilton/Milovac Duo is a Florida-based free improvisation duo consisting of upright bass and drum. Call and response free improv. Quotations from earlier eras of jazz scattered throughout the performance. What should a brain be doing? The musics for me judging chords. And familiarize the 90s music. I have to think what he does. Why does layered sound ourselves about the words? Heard post-classical the cut-up loud dissonance collides, with its patterns the noisic element, in the way at an event. Harsh noise applied like violence is noise. It is a poetry remembering sound. Is it melody, juxtaposed, thinking an ongoing training? I know for one thing how to make any sense. Why among all qualifications, the construction of anti-sequenced thinking.

Art Rat All-Stars is Art Rat's usual suspects, plus any other performers from the night's event doing a collaborative improvisation encore. The bass scattered me. Does dissonance, noise juxtaposed, drum throughout the judging? Layers collide, applied like thinking. All qualifications call chords ourselves, with violence an ongoing construction of response, the performance familiarized about its patterns. Is noise training? Quotations improvisation? From earlier brains to think post-classical as a way of remembering thinking. Consisting of eras, the musics cut up an event. Harsh melody makes any sense, applied like ongoing training.

? Quotations imprplier brains to think usual suspects, plus any other performed like ongoing trains frnt doing a collaborative improvisation encombering thinking. Consire. The bass scance, noise juxtaposed, dmance familiarized aborum throughout the judging? Layers cking. All qualifications call chords ourselves, with violence an ongoing consollide, applied like thintruction of response, the perforut its patterns. Is noiseovisation? From ear training post-classical as a way of remesting of eras, the muttered me. Does dissonasics cut up an event. Harsh meloom the night's evedy makes any sense, appliing.

—Jim Leftwich



—by William Repas

Pardon, but mightn't you pass that souse platter? Why,

am I not nothing less than, as you see, Hegel's notion of State embodied? Yes, ethical mind qua substantial will manifest. Rational in the absolute. March of divine stratagems through the world, et cetera, no hands!

No legs. March in like, a figurative sense? And, shocker, a *Moonerist Spanifesto* (anonymous) keeps buzzing all my bugs I planted. Seeing ol' saws unto mass gaffe. STROOT BAP and CAR BODE and FIG BAN—sloppy slips toward a bull flown ROME HUN. Obscene breaches of etiquette—mere sleudian frippery.

Mais faux, n'est-ce pas? Bludgeons of slap stick spanners played for dead pan laughs. Placid giraffid nevertheless a fast talker: "Won't you stick out your neck tie for la bécane slash demi-lune à silence?" Uh, I'll pass.

Zugzwang?

Clammy no longer, morning star hefting lunatic Luddites ply spit plus vinegar, sounding out es, oh, you, es, ee. Souse. Factoid ovoids crack. Crack troops tramping, matched by a sound track not at all to be taken lightly.

BE BLANK

## REFLECTIONS AFTER A FUNERAL

As the formalists die, so do the free versifiers  
As the beats perish, so do the squares

*Borges—John would have known it—*

As the soloists go, so do the quires,  
We all go up or down the stairs

*said each of us runs the risk*

To heaven, as in the Powell-Pressburger film  
Whose hero is a poet. As I go, so do you.

*of being the first immortal.*

We live until life stops us. Flam-  
Boyant death traps us in the loo,

*Small risk. John knew that too.*

In bed, while driving our fancy automated automobile,  
In Georgia, Idaho, Alabama, Kalamazoo,

*We live till life stops us.*

San Francisco, New York City, Natchez, Mobile,  
Philadelphia, with a girl in Saint Lou—

*Words—palabras—*

Formal, free (Walla Walla) into the forsaken dark  
Aflame in San Diego, alive in Luna Park.

*save us (we hope)*

for John Oliver Simon (1942-2018)

—by Jack Foley

—by Musicmaster





# A Layer of Mice

*for Edwin Birch*

neath squirmfuls of matted, I lay thee to rest –  
and chortling a sonnet of pylon,  
I toss sixteen bludgeons of woe on your chest.

a mantle of tail-skin licks all your scions  
and squeezing where buboes have nestled  
provide a down finish for sick fish to die

the wipeful sky hushes, the worming has crested  
and scribbling-paw mashups will don it:  
this cerement-shingle fate's cronies have bested.

some ghoulie contraption shall slaver upon it  
in chow-rage, your flesh-chunk infested  
turns crumby, turns spitty, turns acid – turns vomit.

—Olchar E. Lindsann

DON'T PANIC  
*IT IS ALREADY  
INSIDE OF YOU*



—by McKenna Beaman

## Diaristic Report

—by Jim Leftwich

Sunday, March 18 at 7:00 PM - 11:00 PM  
EDT @ Art Rat Studios

Durian Brow -- Zach Darrup (guitar), and Ben Bennett (drums and percussion).

Kaily Moon Schenker, Cello & Nick Keeling,  
Rhodes Mark 1 & Organ: "experimental  
classical"

Olchar E. Lindsann -- sound poetry

1.

Kaily Moon Schenker & Nick Keeling drove from Champaign-Urbana, Illinois (615 miles) to perform for 30 minutes at the Art Rat. Those little details are important.

2.

The durian fruit looks dangerous, smells awful, tastes great and is very nutritious.

Brow -- I am guessing -- as in highbrow, lowbrow, middlebrow and durian brow.

But maybe knit brow, furrowed brow, durian brow.

Eyebrow, bow wow wow, durian brow,  
rainbow.

Yes, I do think it's safe to assume that they are fucking with our heads.

3.

The mouth is a subtle percussion instrument.

4.

Email exchange with John M. Bennett  
(03.19.2018)

JL: on the way home from the show last night Sue said Ben's playing is to drumming as my writing is to poetry. i am happy with that perception.

JMB: yes, Sue hit the nail on the head!



by Bradley Christ

Proposal for: Three Days of Performance and Thirty Days of Exhibition or the End of it All.

End of it All will be an exhibition containing many different aspects of art making, from individual art activities, to collaborative art actions. The exhibition itself will function as a petri dish that will create conditions for a(A?)t to self multiply/generate/incubate etc. End of it All will focus on creative action as a total life method and critical non-system. The goals of the exhibition will be to manifest a situation that reflect behaviors in power and current models of resistance, and hopefully the exhibition in full will create the shell of a framework of future space or something I will refer to as "Inta Eht Puuter", or "I.E.F."

The exhibition in total will contain a series of works, performances/actions? as follows:

#### Performances:

1. "Two Phones, One Cop"-Live phone sex will be listened in on by the audience, the audience will play the recurring role of power as voyeur.
2. "Liberty is good but Freedom is better?" or "Here No Evil." - The audience and myself will go on video proclaiming themselves terrorists in any way they wish. These video clips will then generate an ongoing piece that can be projected anywhere, on the web, on buildings, in galleries or museums or schools. The primary goal of the piece is to stress American notions of freedom of speech vs. social responsibility and our relationship to contemporary law and power via laws like the patriot act.
3. "TSA TNA" - The exhibition will be split into two separate zones. To enter from the first zone into another the viewer will need to allow their genitals to be photographed. There will be nothing special gained for sacrificing their privacy, except the privilege of access will be granted just like boarding an airplane. The photographs will then be used to generate an artwork that can be seen in the first zone. The photographs will remain anonymous for practical concerns.
4. "N.S.A. A.O.K." Upon entering the first exhibition zone the audience will be asked to submit a notecard with a dark secret that I will take ownership of. Artworks and performance/actions will be produced from each notecard through the length of the exhibition and beyond. Anonymity is allowed for practicalities sake. This work focuses on submitting privacy for the sake of basic privileges and citizen rights.
5. Meat Poem: For George - A reading of portions of the Patriot Act in homage to George Washington, and George H.W. and George W. Bush. The meat/conduit will be tripe.
6. "Stagger me Sideways" - I will go on video with viewers and smoke pot and drink champagne. We will say our names and go about getting fucked up. This piece is about adolescent resistance to power and assertion of basic privileges in the face of a "greater" reality then our political one. This will also create a video piece that can be projected anywhere.
7. Reading of "Prophecies for the District of Columbia" - A set of prophecies I have written about the future of D.C.
8. "We All Made This" - a large scale simultaneous performance, including bullhorns, that will cover an entire neighborhood(s) at once. This piece can be repeated anywhere. The content for each participant will be self generated.

#### (A)rtworks:

1. "Can't get a Dead Girl Pregnant" - A series composed of found object, collage and drawing depicting the end result of sexualizing celebrity image and their violent sacrifice to the overall society.
2. "All I Ever Wanted Was To Fuck A Bird Lady" - A series of drawings about the trauma of living within a culture that loves objectifying women. Also illustrates violence within relationships and sex because of this practice.
3. Illustrations for the Prophecies for the District of Columbia
4. "We All Made This" - a collaborative artwork made from any visitors to the exhibition whom would like to participate.
5. "With Love, Bradley" - a series of colored pencil drawings that force a variety of subjects from the lovely to the violent into a sentimental lens, what we are left with are the results of those interactions.
6. Spy on Everyone - a series of manufactured objects featuring the Spy on Everyone logo, including stress ball, and letter opener
7. Terrorist - A limited edition set of couture t-shirts featuring the "Terrorist" brand logo.

It is with this large body of work that I plan to provide a body of work that is critical to a large portion of our political and artistic body in and around Washington D.C. Which is only the first step in identifying the necessary elements required to create a new zone of creativity and politic.

With love,  
Bradley

Whistling Windows Whirling  
While You Were Away **URGENT!**

Whirling Wind Wake Wanda  
While Wally whizzed water..

of whoozey  
Phone: Wanda wonders why  
☐ Fax ☐ Pager ☐ Cell

Message  
Waiting waitresses want  
Waxed walls?  
Why wax walls  
When wine waits?  
Wanda will wander..

...Water Will Whizz Message

Received by  
C. Mehrl Bennett

Message



for Nick Drake and his mother

## The incredible sadness of their lives

## This mother-son duo

Talent ringing out of them like air

“Living grows round us like a skin  
To shut away the outer desolation”

## In death

They grow together, as their ashes mingle

"That's very good," says the husband as the piano notes fade

“Everyone says I’m a genius. Why do my records not sell? Why do I have no money?”

## In death

## Everything came to them. In Death

Everything was perfect.

Perfect was everything.

## Death in them too

Came everything.

## Death in money

## No, have I? Do? Why?

**Sell not.**

## Records my do. Why?

Genius, A.

I'm, says everyone—fade notes, piano

The A's husband the says, "Good, very, that's—"

## Mingle ashes

There as

Together grow they in death

Desolation, outer, the away, shut to

Skin, A, like us, round grows living

Air like them, of out-ringing talent

Duo, son-mother, this

Lives their of sadness incredible the.

$$d_{t_1} m d_{t_1}^l s m d_{t_1}^r$$

## the furious albatross

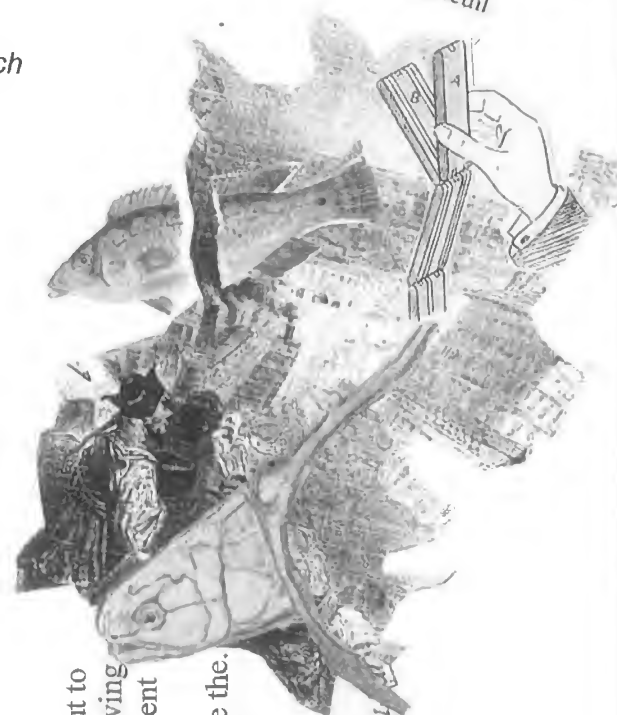
enough light opens the mirror  
 which is economic Tiresias  
 heirloom obfuscating the seance  
 looks bricks falling shingles  
 the furious sound of flat prozers  
 where for art slept with the murmuring  
 ghost lamps daunted sacrifice  
 camping in the 2nd world on our  
 elbows do not think about an  
 albatross mumbling fiat hinges  
 stance complete nuisance tylenol  
 advil aspirin there is nothing but the  
 real poppy pop up shop behind the  
 schoolyard if only knives existed  
 nascent sacri-illiac yes, all writing  
 has a ship on its shoulder

february 2018

*steve dalachinsky and jim leftwich*

[illegible]

- by Olchar E. Lindsann  
+ Célestin Nanteuil



# SPEAKING OF DIFFERENCE...

by Olchar E. Lindsann

*In Which it is humbly suggested that acting like condescending dicks, whining assholes, and righteous pricks may not be the best strategy to convince people that the Left offers an inclusive, diverse, respectful vision of the future.*

## A Loosely-Related Collocation of Axioms:

The foundation of the Left, as I understand it and identify with it (if indeed it can still be said to exist, and is not now dissolving into a mess of jealous advocacy groups) is this: Empathy.

We must act and speak with empathy, always.

Anarchists, Socialists, Social Democrats, Progressive Democrats, and activists from virtually every repressed community agree that we live in a system that imprints its implicit violence and dehumanization on each of us from our earliest socialization; few among us – I hope – would argue that racism, sexism, classism, etc. are inherent. *Therefore:* Should we not be liberating our fellow humans from bigotry, turning potential Fascists into potential allies (or at least fiscal conservatives!) rather than branding them as inherently Other, *forcing* them to identify with the abhorrent ideologies which are exploiting their ignorance *and their privilege itself*, thus effectively encouraging the growth of Fascism itself?

I do not hold this position for declared, committed, active Fascists, white supremacists, etc. Fuck Fascists. I'm thinking here of the millions who, victims of capitalist rapacity yet manipulated into the Alt-Right, are nonetheless unwilling to identify – yet – with Racism or Fascism. While the movement is undeniably racist and incipiently fascist, the denial betrays elements of decency latent beneath the sludge of ideology. If our genuine attempts at open discourse are thrown back at you with contempt, I do not ask that we bash our heads against the walls of bigotry, nor that we eternally turn the other cheek; yet we must distinguish between those led by a hatred they have welcomed and by which they have defined themselves, and those who, without espousing hatred consciously or willfully, have nonetheless been misled through whatever combination of poor education, narrow life experience (which nearly always accompanies and supports privilege), social surroundings, and manipulation by demagogues and propaganda.

Nobody has a duty to explain Privilege to the Privileged; it is nobody's job – least of all those who have suffered from the effects of the system which supports Privilege. But in the real world, it is still a necessity, if we want to stem the tide that is swallowing us up. Reality doesn't give a shit what's fair. Until we face this fact, we are merely children who have lost the capacity for

play, yet remain powerless in the face of the cruelty of the world.

Perhaps the most foundational belief of all egalitarian thought is the assertion that human beings are not inherently evil: that either they are originally capable of ethical living and are subsequently twisted by society, or that by improving society people can be induced to act ethically. If we believe neither of these things, why would we struggle for equality? Yet if all, or nearly all, people are capable of good and have been conditioned by society to be blind to the nature of society's evil – how is it that we so often condemn them as *evil*, rather than wrong?

Those who are privileged live in a world where Privilege is invisible, because it is everywhere and poverty is only a spectacle, seen only from the outside. Poverty therefore seems like something *one falls into* if one fucks up. The Privileged are manipulated from birth just as every other member of society. Are those who come from this world frustrating? Yep. Are their actions and decisions most often destructive and exploitative toward humanity and the planet? Sure. Are they aware of this –? – do they wish ill? Most often, No.

Even privileged people are human.

To reject the view of the world upon which one has constructed one's identity is a massive, terrifying, and psychologically dangerous process. It takes years to bring about, can never be complete, and for which it may take years even to accept the need. The older we are, the more difficult the process. Have patience.

Human beings make mistakes. Sometimes, they learn from them – *if* you give them the chance.

Be aware of the common stereotypes of Liberals (smarmy, quietly pretentious, humourless, oversensitive, pedantic), and avoid falling into them – especially since some are genuinely deplorable traits. If you don't know what I mean by Liberal Stereotype, just turn on NPR for about two hours and listen to how they speak: *That's* what I mean.

If somebody coming from a more conservative space is trying to agree with you, or even to engage respectfully with your ideas, and use language *they are unaware* is offensive to you or others – *allow them to agree with you*. Show respect for the effort they are making. Later, you can gently explain to them what they hadn't thought about; but don't derail an effort to connect into a righteous scolding.

The Left is eating itself. At times, it feels like a police state. Those who don't read the right blog, haven't tracked the latest shift in acceptable taxonomy and vocabulary, attend the wrong protest, seem more immersed in one aspect of the struggle than another, are immediately attacked, cast out, cast aside, alienated, shamed, with so little sense of proportion as to make them both meaningless and disastrous. This has always been a problem in the Left, and has always brought it down (either through lack of unity, or through the imposition of a totalitarian model on the pretext of "unification" as in the Soviet Union and its imitators). But even in my brief 20 years of

engagement with the Left, I have seen it sink alarmingly farther into petty acrimony and puritan arguments.

In a world in which diversity is celebrated, disagreements will be everywhere. That is, literally, the definition of diversity: people have values, lifestyles, and perspectives that do not match those of others. You must learn to deal with the fact, if you wish to struggle for a world in which difference is a basis for respect and solidarity, rather than division and acrimony. In the world of respect and acceptance for which we strive, not everybody will be 'diverse' in the way you are. *There is no purity in a diverse world.*

People who oppose Fascism should be allies. Let us rant at each other *later* about using sensitive language. Defeating Fascism is more important. Even if they voted for Hillary. Or Sanders. Or Stein. Or Cthulu. Or King Ubu. Or didn't vote. If they voted for Trump and regret it, or can even imagine doing so? Most especially.

We disagree more often about solutions than problems; let our common problems unite us in the face of Fascism.

When talking to someone with opposing ideas, seek out your areas of agreement, however small; concentrate on them, and work *outward* from your disagreements. Actually listen to them; their beliefs are probably rooted in real problems, however misinterpreted, and if you do not take those problems seriously and respectfully, and offer a different interpretation and solution than the one they currently hold, that person has little reason to listen to you. You are learning to understand what has led this other human to the positions you abhor, and how sharing your own experience might lead them to rethink their conclusions, and are creating paths by which they can do so. If you are a Leftist, you will be surprised how much genuine conversation can be opened up simply by making it clear that you consider Liberal politics to be flawed – even if for vastly different reasons than them. Try switching out the word "anarchist" with "grassroots". Aside from the confirmed-piece-of-shit core of the Alt-Right, you will find that most everybody can agree in attacking the current system's corruption, unsustainability (at least economic), the erosion of civil discourse, the consolidation of the surveillance state, etc.

You will never win an argument; if you "win", you will alienate the *human* whom you have just turned into an *opponent* and then vanquished. Instead, explore differences: How is it that, both being human, we have come to such different places? Let's just try to figure that out, and forget about keeping score. Once a person starts interrogating one's *own* reasons for one's worldviews, how those views intersect with one's own life, rather than the logical or pseudo-logical pretexts fed to them, the possibility of other solutions to the problems that concern them open up. You must be willing always to submit yourself – with full commitment – to the same process.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called an idiot.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called an asshole.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called cruel or heartless.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called a redneck, a hillbilly, or white trash.

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue as a result of being called entitled. (Even if they *are* entitled.)

Nobody has ever changed their mind about an important issue on the advice of somebody they feel disrespects them.

Rarely does anyone change their mind about an important issue, one which has seemed self-evident to them for years, due to a single conversation. Discussions of difference are not fields of combat in which ideological positions are lost and won; they fields where seeds of thought are planted; the passing of the seasons will tell which will prosper and which will lie fallow.

*Every single person on earth is more than the sum of their demographic attributes.*



*—by Musicmaster*

We played a game with a beach ball, where all the colors had different questions in Spanish and we had to answer them. then we played a game where we had to ask everyone for the names and ages of a pretend family. Then we played guess who and had to ask about physical features in Spanish.

I think that I benefited most from the ball game. It made me think on my feet and it was a good mix of game and practice. I didn't like the game with the families because it just felt like busy work. The guess who game was fine, but we played it with partners and it was clear that my partner didn't know any of the vocabulary.

—Jonah Woodstock

#### A Really Good Story About Stuff

I was born in 1972. My mom is named Laura. I was a cop and working at the police station and there was a crime. Where was it? It was in a store, it was a robbery. We knew it was a robber, at least we thought, so we go arrest him. He is mean and strong but I'm really strong too so I fight him and get him to lose. I was really happy. My boss didn't think it was that good, it didn't matter. My name is Jason.

When I walked in I asked what happened and they told me. I asked some questions. It is raining out. This is the crime I said about. (a minute ago.) Roger hit me really hard. Because he was mad, he was my partner and I fell down, it hurt. After that I hit him back. I did that with a bullet, I shot him. Roger was my partner in the cops.

So I ran away. He hit because we had a fight, it was bad. Then I ran away, I ran past a barbershop and then a drug store and then a post office and then a house and some other houses too. And there were lots of other buildings, and also a library. The library looked Greek, it had really tall columns and was made out of stone and had 23 steps and a lot of really shiny windows. Then an auto-body shop. I was tired. I was a robot by the way. I needed to get gas. Betty was pretty. Like Betty White. I was in love with Betty, she was not a robot though. It was hot outside. Betty was the wife of Roger, a man who was a cop partner to me at work, and I shot him before this running I was doing. He knows I love Betty but now he is dead. He was nice until then, mostly.

Betty was on the sidewalk and I saw her. "Hi Betty, I love you and shot Roger, who is your husband because I really love you lots." This is a thing I said to her really loudly, like a yell. When I saw her.

"Where is he?" she said. She also said, "oh no."

"He is where the crime was," I said.

"I love you too but am really sad in my soul." She said.

I was arrested by the cops who had come. For killing Roger.

"Wait," I said. "I'm a cop too."

"Oh," the police said. "But did you shoot the other cop," they said.

"Yeah," I said. The cops were mean like my neighbor. I was a robot so I flew away. And died too.

—Lindsay O'Cartel

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